

Sir Solomon Gundi,

With her HIGHNESS the

PUNCHBOWL;

With Wine A-bun-dan-di.

A

Miscellaneous POEM:

OR THE

TARANTULA

Turning, or Metamorphosed

INTO A

POPE.

Its TRANSMUTATION into both Kinds.

Its ANNIHILATION in either.

Its RAREFACTION, and ACCELERATION
in the Sublime Air.

Its RESTAURATION to Itself; with various in-
termediate merry Thoughts for the Amusement of the
FAIR.

The PRODUCTS of Love in Concopulation.

The CO-OPERATION and CONCATENATION
in the CENTER; With natural Imbellishments to
enforce a pregnant Disposition in both Sexes.

And of the WHEEL of FORTUNE and CHANCE.

By JOHN THOMSON High Germanick Doctor.

In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere formas,
Corpora Divi

Orid Met.

Printed for, and Sold by the Author, 1738.

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RECEIVED
JAN 10 1964
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WASHINGTON, D.C.



TO the HONOURABLE,

Sir JOHN St. LEGER.

KNIGHT and BARONET,

One of the Barons of his Majesty's Court
of Exchequer in Ireland.

May it please your Lordship.

AS the generality of *Mankind* ever stood upon a continual Search after their own Happiness, and that by the ingratiating Themselves, and by raising a Disposition in *Men* of Courage, Honour, and *Extraction*, which Qualities are to be met with in your Lordship; then may it please your Lordship, Suitors for Promotion, either in the Field, or in the Courts of Justice, cannot fail of example in your Lordship.

DEDICATION.

*ship of their ends, for, tho', my Lord, (cadunt
arma togæ) yet both Courage, Fortitude, and
Justice are lodg'd in your Lordship's Breast;
I hope, my Lord, through your Indulgence
in this, I shall be the more happy thro' such
your Lordship's goodness, in means of Dis-
persing that Miscellaneous Poem, Entituled
The Solomon Gundi Poem, &c. Your
Lordship's Influence in this, will advance
much the Happiness and Pleasure of my
Lord, (may it please your Lordship) your
Lordship's most*

Affectionate, and

Most Devoted,

And Obedient,

Humble Servant,

JOHN THOMSON.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

Most Courteous Reader,

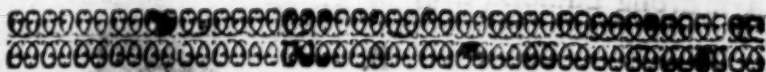
PR E F A C E S, as their Intention were to let the Reader into the body of the Work, on view thereof; so Tarantulization, Popification, and Cardinilization, are kind of modern Terms; as the One is derived from the Greek Word Ταρανтуλα so Popification, from the Greek Verb ποπιφικωμαι, &c. and Cardanilization from the Greek word Καρδανιλικωμαι, and so on. And so when his Papal majesty for Health, ad Purgandos renes & ad procreandos Nepotes, for his Health-sake, becomes, thro' the force of Infalibility, and his most monstrous Superstition, has Returns of Luciferization and Doctorfaustization; and then as an Ignis Fatuus, or Will o' th' Wisp, alights as tho' in an Annihilation

THE PREFACE.

lation near Madam of LORRETO, where there are whimsical Operations and Doings transacted between Them (if you believe the Information,) but by the by; previous to this his Tarantulan Majesty by Necromantick Philtres and Exorcizations and Diabolical Demoniadzikizations, gives a hint to the Dame of LORRETO he's acoming; then of a sudden she springs off the Pedestal, where Statuarized, his Tarantulan Majesty being much affected by the sting he formerly met with from the King of the Tarantulan Fraternity, listening hears the croaking of Frogs, and squalling of wild Cats, and noise of Rooks and Vultures, which answers his Majesty as musick, and there Jumps and Dances 'till he perhaps is Foggisweatified, and Sweats. Then she comes—and he sucks nine Drops of milk from her Left Pap, and is Cured. He Embraces her, as it were in a Copulative manner; that being done, he sprung out, she sprung in, where she remains (if you believe Information) to this Day. His Holiness is found sitting (his Pendants in their proper Pendulization) in his Pap sick, or Torphery-Chair; that thereby the Dames of his Nepotes might stand as formerly; A Council called, a strict Enquiry and Scrutiny made for the total Extirpation of Hereticks. 'Tis needless to say any more in this Preface, but that 'tis hoped, tho' the Pamphlet be short, yet it is full with a miscellaneous Variety; and with regard to the Delay it met with, by Contrivances of the Printer, and Others I won't name, in order to suppress it (as 'tis doubted,) the Author therefore, for expedition's sake, is now under the necessity of omitting the putting the rest of the Subscribers Names in Rhime.

Dublin, November
the 2d. 1738.

J. T.



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 Shepherd Andrew, gent.
 Sumner William, gent. N. P.
 Shaw Richard, gent.
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 Sterne Baker Henry, Esq;
 Scott John, Sen. gent.
 Scott John, Jun. gent.
 Soden Edmond, Esq.
 Soden James, Esq;
 Stuart Charles, Esq; C. at L.
 Stuart James, Esq; C. at L.
 Stephens George, Esq.
 Sandys Reynolds Edwin, Esq.
 Sheen John, Esq.
 Sullivan Daniel, gent. A. at L.

T:

Turner Ralph, Esq; Hon.
 Tool Lawrence, Esq;
 Tighe William, Esq;
 Beliew Charles, Esq;
 Cudmore Henry, Capt.
 Tennison ——— Counsellor.
 Taaffe ——— Counsellor:
 Tighe Sterne, Esq;
 Tighe Robert, Esq;
 Twisden Thomas, Esq;
 Todd William, Esq;
 Tisdall William, Esq; C. at L:

d

Trench

Ster.

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 Taaffe George, gent.
 Trotter Thomas, Doctor.
 Towers Thomas, Esq; *Six Clerk.*
 Trench Fred. Esq;
 Thompson James, gent. Att. at L.
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 Tottenham Charles, Esq;
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 Todd John, Esq;
 Terry Richard, gent.
 Terryll William, gent.
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 Terryll James, Gent.
 Terryll Roger Gent.
 Trotter H. Gent.
 Twigg John, Alderman.
 Tew David, Ald.
 Trevers ——— Esq. C. at L.
 Trotter ——— Jun, Esq;
 Thew , Thomas, Gent.

V.

V Esqey, Sir John, Bart. alias Barley-Corn, vid.
 Nat. Clements-
 Uther William, Esq;
 Vernen John, Captain.
 Vincent Richard, Esq.
 Vice Thomas A. at L.
 Vernon Law. gent.
 Vachon Simon, Merch.]
 Vachon Peter, Merch.
 Vipond Luke, A. at L.
 Veitch Jos. gent. A. at L.
 Usher John, Captain.
 Usher St. George, Esq;
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W.

Ward Nicholas, Esq;
Westberry Will. Esq;
Wall William, Esq;

Wall Mr. Com.

Walter ——— Col.

Wallace James, Esq;

Wakel Thomas, Esq;

Warren William, Esq;

Warren Westenra, Esq;

Westenra Wardner, Esq;

Wall Maurice, Esq; C. at L.

Whitney Counsel, *the Worthy.*

Whitney, Major,

Watts William, Q ——— r M.

Williams John, gent.

White Morgan, Q ——— r M.

Woods George, Gent.

White John, Esq;

Ward John, A. at L.

Wilmot John, Esq;

White Robert, Esq;

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Wall William, Jun. Esq;

Water-House ——— Gent.

Walker William, Ald.

Walker John, Q.

Warring Edward,

White Thomas, gent. A. at L.

White James, gent. A at L.

Williams John, gent. A. at L.

West Anthony, Gent, Lishner.

White Mark, gent. A. at L.

X,

X Enophon Saerates; Esq.
Xerxes Vansevenhoven, Merch.

Y

W.

Y.

Y Young John, Gent. *A.* at *L.*
 Yielding Rich. gent.
 Yates John, gent.

Z

Z Oilus Thoyaras, Merch.
 Zacharias Powder, gen.

E R R A T A.

IN page 3. line 7, read Chius for Chous. Line 17, read Dunamon for Dunganon; p. 4, l. 1, read r, i, for n. l. 15, r. u before i, and reject o in Verbose. p. 5, l. 20, r. not top'd Parnassus, but, Hills at Rome, p. 7, l. 10, r. in Chloe. p. 8, l. 5, in the word straight, r. e for a. p. 10, last l. in Clanger, r. o for e. p. 12, l. 16, reject r. l. 24, r. zembla. p. 13, two last line lame. p. 14, l. 2, add s to make. p. 15 l. 2, r. u in Controle. p. 16, reject in 28th l. and in Monsterous. p. 17. l. 13, r. l for o, and i for e in Oalis, and Ornetto, and l. 18, reject i in Reciproical. p. 16, l. 3. r. Cliau for Canli, r. n for o in l. 12. p. 27, in the 4th Latin line, reject an i. p. 28, in 7th Latin line, r. o for i, in l. 10, r. g, for q. p. 33 * Maintenon Mark at pages, foot thus—That: when the D. of Marlborough was thrashing Lewis xiv. in one of those Years Occurrences, it was asked in one of the News-Papers thus in Latin, Quare Ludovicus, Magnus est Infelix? The Answer to it was, Quia Mentenon Regit, or Maintenon, as above. Read o before u in last line but one of the same page. p. 35 l. 33, reject the last r for e, l. 35, Batareau, change 2d a for e, reject s in Thameas, last l. p. 39, reject n in name Hawker, and add s. p. 41, l. 3, r. Anth. for Arthur, p. 43, l. 4, r. Anth. for Gil. p. 44. l. 7. r. thus Macenas that you first shou'd go. l. 13, before the 12th, in that Ode of Horace, viz. While I possess'd thy love, &c. read Address'd instead of Adornest, about the 7th or 8th line. p. 30, r. Socrates & Xantippe, instead of Socrate & Xaueippe.



UPON

Colonel WILLIAM SMITH of *Clover-Hill*

A P O E M.

TO thee, dear *William*, I do Sing,
 In the Sublimest Verse;
 The Valleys, Groves, and Hills do ring,
 And sing Heroick Verse.

Thou *Clover-Hill*, thou Hill of Love,
Parnassus call it still;
 The next unto your Seat above,
 O! *Knocknalhamer-Hill*.

'Twas *Justice* you did e'er pursue,
 And *Peace* would Cultivate;
 When Feuds and Factions swiftly flew,
 In our Distressed State.

Thou.

Thou Off-spring of *Heroick Race*;
 Thou Sympathy of Love;
 Thy dearest, dearest *Turtle Dove*
 Is gone—! she Rests above,

In *Her* a Friend, I surely lost,
 A friendly Friend was she;
 From Pillar if to Post was toss'd,
 She Refuge had for me.

Shall I not then her Praises sing
 Whilst Life and Breath do last?
 Her now the Ever-living King
 Safe-guards, while Time shall last.

Charity, the chiefest Grace,
 The chiefest of the THREE;
 The other Two she did possess,
 In Love and Harmony.

Thou Seat of Love that's from above,
 By *Roger* fram'd, and thee;
 Where Love do's in Meanders rove,
 And Birds in melody.

The Lough, the Swan, the Birds, the Bush,
 Congratulations are;
 The singing Lark and tuneful Thrush,
 To *Clover-Hill* repair.



John Thomson.

UPON
The RIGHT HONOURABLE
Cornet FORTESCUE;

A

P O E M.

O Fortescue, Cornet, from ~~us~~ long away, Sir,
Are you upon Land, or now upon Sea, Sir;
We know not at all, where to write you a Letter,
That Friendship, with you, I might cultivate better;
Since now it is so, in such my Condition,
Full nearer to Thee, wou'd be my Ambition:
If London possesses thy Person and Graces,
Yet hope I shall meet you in some other Places.
Our Solomon Gundi's a bit of good Relish,
'Tis better, alone, than mixed with Sea-fish:
Anchovy wou'd make it delightful and pleasant,
Preferred to be before Woodcock or Pheasant.
Come Home, then, I pray, Sir, let's go to the Eagle,
A Chiripping Glass take, and then Shoot a Sea-Gull;
'Till then we do wish you full happy in Verses,
Contriv'd to your Fancy, which answers your Graces!

Ανομοτοπεία, id est *Formatio verborum
a sonitu vocum,*

*Veluti Anthropomithridatimerdacissimorum,
In genitivo plurali gradus Superlativi. Deriv'd from the G. Word
Ανθρωπομιθριδατιμερδατις γυναικροτερος, ογ, κροτατος,
Being the Superlative Degree of that Noun Adjective; which
being englished seems to be an
Inhuman putrilutifacimerdatitetriscelaneosity
in Man; or, a Consistency of Brutality and Filth and Dirt in
Man.*

TECHNIGRAPHIA.

Vel

Τεχνιογραφία admodum non admodum faciliorem ad nomina
Subscriberum facilius discernere si credere dignum sit Ex. grā.
Rhae A. Msp. HG DD. HrbpW. HMG 2d. TLHCIRER.
CIM. REB. RHLGS. HGLPAI. Rhlpelgoahmsil. Rhlo.
Rhlc. Rb Besbeli El. RhsRW. RHimmelcbmce I. Hscjlk &
bootbohmc EI; and so goes on ———.

But the Method, after a Technical kind of manner (but late-
ly Modern) hit upon, in finding out the Subscribers Names by
Charackteristick Letters; as for example. To find out the Duke
of Dorset, Guide your Eye to the first Line, where you will find
four capital Letters, Viz. HG DD; or to find Rhae A, that
is to say, to find out in the above Line, Rt. Honourable
Alexander Earl of Antrim; and so to proceed, &c. And,
Time being short, I have not leisure to do all the Subscribers
Names in the above manner without impatience in themselves.

Oh! that I had a Cup of Wine,
To clear the Mind, and make it fine.

O! nata mecum Consule Mante, Flor.—i. e. Amphora Vini.





SIR

SOLOMON GUNDI,

With her Highness

The PUNCH-BOWLE.

With *Wine* abundanti,

A Miscellaneous Poem, &c.

HILARIS.

BY Novels from the *Irish* Strand,
 Flown 'cross the Seas, unto this Land;
 The Rains and Floods were there so great
 Some Persons dreaded *Noah's* fate
 Most certain 'tis that all *Cloward*,
 Where lately there was held a Guard,
 And Others call it the *Black Water*,
 Instead of Tears, it causeth Laughter,
 Some Persons bouncing Headlong in,
 Then too Top heavy up to Chin,
 Recoiled not with over Haste,
 But 'scaped that Depth as far as Waste,
 Then Frantick Mad, and running round;
 By *Johnson's* Bridge t'avoid being drown'd,
 Some

Some as bewilder'd there there were found.
 And from Sir th' adjacent Mountains,
 Whose Vales produced merry Fountains,
 The liquid Passions of the Air.
 Thro' condensation rendred Fair,
 But chiefly there unto a Man;
 That thought himself an Alderman,
 Nor over stock'd in Law or Knowledge;
 But feign'd Quotations from the College,
 This Mountain-man with fear being Struck,
 Gaz'd gapeing round fast in Mire stuck;
 The Law ingross'd became a Truck,
 His Heart with grief was so oppress'd,
 Day or Night got little Rest;
 Unhappy in so much was he,
 As not to know his Destiny,
 The Representatives his Friends,
 At Parliament had gain'd their Ends;
 They gain'd it without beat of Drum
 The Fountains ran with Wine and Rum.
 But *Chycus* can't forget his Doom.
 He griev'd, he twist'd turn'd round
 When saw the Candidates had found
 No Interception on that Ground.

C L E R I C U S.

He Falling ill and very bad,
 His Visage pale and growing sad,
 Says he what fate is this I meet,
 Must I rowl in in a Winding Sheet,
 You see my fate is still severe,
 I must now quit this Hemisphere,
 And Travel into other Parts,
 My sinking Heart severely smarts;
 Oh! that I had a Pair of Wings.
 To view the Tombs of Foreign Kings,

And



And wou'd survey the lofty Skie,
 And Paths that lead to Galaxy,
 I shou'd there hope for to compose
 Such idle thoughts that discompose,
 Their Charity was very great
 The Character of Men that's great
 But *Chous* can't forget the date
 That forced him for to antedate.
 Inendant, Clerk and Butcher he,
 Tho' differed much in Pedegree,
 And finding in the Afternoon,
 His Thread of Life was almost Spun;
 Then falling ill and very bad,
 Carulean, pale and clouded clad,
 To find that *Sligoe* and *Boiscommon*,
 The former late became a Common,
 And *Galway's* Master of *Dungannon*.

PLUMBOSUS.

Ranlacked, tortured, mawled in Jaile,
 'Twas fencing Sir against a Flaile,
 He dieing, like to have died with Grief,
 'Twas said, he said, he kept a Thief;
 To watch his *Bullocks* for Relief.

MEDICUS.

He Swooned away three Times an Hour,
Phlebotomized could not devour,
 A Morfell Sir, of any Food,
 To ease his Mind, they let him Blood;
 It is reported yet from thence,
 From IRELAND, he's lost his Sence:
 See how he Cries for want of Pence.
 'Tis now reported he must Travel
 Across the Seas to *Aix-la-Chapelle*,
 To Cure intoxicating Gravel.

INTERLUNIARIUS.

Uxorious Man he takes a Nurse,
 It grieves him he must pelf disburse,
 They said Sir, he was Spunging known;
 What e'er he seiz'd he made his own.
 At two Pence fairly lost wou'd moan
 And cry'd at last Oh! Oh! Oh! Hone,
 Why is he to himself so cruel,
 As not to live on Water Cruel,
 I was uneasy for a Rhime,
 To celebrate so great a Crime.
 Tho' 'tis reported he's a Loquax,
 Spumiferous, and seldom Audax,
 Ampullous and Whipfillibubbish,
 Garrulous, half choaked with Rubbish;
 Selsquipedaliose Voerbose
 Affected, Simple, and Plumbose,
 Of Phyfick he must take a Doze,

BOREAS & FORTUNA.

If sudden Ease he wou'd expect,
 All Laziness he must reject;
 He must Veer round and Horizontal,
 And thump the Ground with his Pedestal,
 With great Agility to sweat all
 By Dancing and by Sweating he
 Must ease such it's Malignancy,
 Or quit the Earth for Grave must he,
 His Acquisitions are but small,
 Yet so small he can't recall;
 His Crimes the Law may tightly mawle,
 Your bouncing Men must bounce or die,
 It is their Fate their Destiny,
 And vainly without Wings to fly,

Why will he raile at Fortune's Wings,
 She flys and shuns the Seates of Kings ;
 Fortune is a Vagabond
 She runs on Wheels and turns round,
 Kicks of conceited empty Fops,
 And hits them thwacks across the Backs,
 And smarter Stroaks across the Chops ;
 Oh ! certain sure Uncertainty
 'Tis not uncertain Certainty.
 Yet 'ris of great Velocity,
 She Diffipates and does gather,
 Wealth to the Miser sometimes t'other
 Promiscuous chance is Fortune's Mother,
 You may concludé from what is said
 To *Polylumnia* he was rude,
 Or she'd not him from her exclude.

A P O L L O.

Pallas has ordered *Precipe* to go,
 To *Curfitor* and make him tightly know,
 That Wickedness brings on a cursed woe,
Parnassus Top, and Hills at *Rome*,
 Bears the Gibbet's horrid Doom,

C O O L E Y.

Parnassus Hill, Sir, don't traduce,
 I'll fix on'ts Top the Flower d' Luce ;
 You must your Cruelty reduce,
 The Muses Nine *Parnassus* Hill
 Contains, remains to fructify your Brains.

S A L T A T O R.

See how the Muses trip around,
 You know they're there by Musicks sound,
 With Nectar there the Vales abound.

C U P I D.

C U P I D.

Chloe fills my Heart with Love
 I'll Love her as the Turtle Dove,
 And from her shall not e'er remove.
 The Muses Nine both great and small,
 May Celebrate his Funeral,
 Let Mankind e'er reject his Pride,
 And 'cross the Globe we'll take a Stride,
 And let us walk by Honours Man,
 And Honesty's I hope he can.
 Yet after all this empty Pother,
 He must and we quit one another,
 And answer in an Hemisphere,
 And in an Air where ever clear.

P H Æ B U S.

Says *Hermus* Sir, I hope you're better,
 Be pleas'd Sir, to read this Letter,
 Here *Mercury* brought it to me,
 Read it for Your Felicity
 I see it Sir and understand,
 That you must quit the *Irish* Land,
 What then says *Atomus* you're bewitched,
 Go get Miss C — — — y tightly stitched;
 And you will find by your Endeavours,
 You'll cure her of those heavy Feavers,
 Dispatch, begone, take Wing and Fly,
 You can't but meet your Destiny,
 You there Sir may apply a Plaister,
 To ease his Present great Disaster;

M E D I C U S.

Why is he to himself so Cruel
 As to make use of Water Gruel,

Providence,

Providence, Sir, has been kind,
 To raise the Fancy of his Mind;
 I wish it may advance him Pleasure,
 And procure him lasting Treasure,
 'Twere wish'd your Words were Ominous,
 And were less Voluminous,
 Good Sir I pray why now so Tart,
 You may forbear to be so Smart,

H O N E S T U S.

Affure your self by what I see,
 You join with them in Flattery;
 And take my Word I'll snip your Tail
 And at you more and more shall rail,
 I thought you were a Man of Sense,
 And of greater Eloquence.
 And of better Understanding,
 In finding out a Place for Landing;
 Why do you fret and are so vexed,
 And why are you so much perplexed.

V E N U S.

Says *Bacchus* raise his Soul in Wine,
 And make his brighter Parts to shine,
 For one may judge by what you've heard
 That he must play another Card,
 To dearest *Cbole* have Regard.

Q U E R E N S.

You're wrong and too severe on me,
 So comfortless in Misery.
 You brought it on your self you know
 Therefore prepare to bear the blow.

MÆSTUS

M Æ S T U S.

It is reported Sir by others,
 Of his Fraternity and Brothers,
 That he is stung by *Tarantula*,
Italian Insect in his Gula,
 If so he must get thither straight
 Save no Expence to save his Freight,
 Save no Expence to get Advice
 Of eminent Physicians wife,
 The *Italian* Air is reckon'd healthy,
 'Tis true it will not make him wealthy;
 However he must there repair,
 To get the benefit of the Air,

M E R C U R I

Those *Tarantulan* Animals,
 Are rarely seen by intervals,
 In *Italy* they do abound
 And all that Country quite around
 Thro' *Florence*. *Parma* and to *Rome*;
 And nearer to us they have come
 To *Naples* they have ta'en a Dance
 And unto *France* have made Advance,
 To make them Jump more Frisk and Prance.

P O P E.

See Sir how he's chang'd his Figure,
 His Shape and Form Strength and Vigour;
 He's sometimes this, and sometimes that,
 And now and then you can't tell what,
 He's Globular and sometimes Long,
 He's sometimes Right and sometimes Wrong.

TARANTUL

T A R A N T U L A.

He fain wou'd think as he has thought,
 His Transformation he has bought ;
 Tho' he retains some human Reason,
 But now and then appears in Season ;
 His *Tarantulan's* Majesty,
 Vouchsafes they say to dine with me ;
 He may perhaps, by chance to see,
 Some of his old Fraternity ;
 Let him therefore be not dejected,
 For he cannot be disrespected ;
 He's our Prince and only Master,
 He must procure some other Taster,
 Or he must bear his new Disaster.
 Says *Tarantula* all in Tears,
 My Trouble's great so are my Fears ;
 Must I remain as I am now,
 And correspond with such as you.

H A N N I B A L.

Depend on't Sir, I'll force your Lines ;
 And blow you up with all your Mines ;
 For tho' in Size I'm one of you,
 In Shap and Form, Figure too ;
 I do intend to quit you all,
 If I, my self can once recall ;
 Since thus it is you live at Rome,
 You must make this or that your Doom.

M E S T U S.

The Stings of those uncommon Creatures,
 Have too much Force upon our Nature ;

They

They make us Leap and sometimes Dance,
 And Bonnce, and Stride, and Jnmp, and Prance ; }
 Like some that have been late in *France*.

P R Æ S E S.

Your Majesty they say has Land,
 And Rocks, and Hills at your Command ;
 Proper Lodgments fit for you,
 And such as correspond with you ;
 Flock there all of you together,
 And live as Birds do of a Feather.

V E R U S.

Why are you to your self severe,
 As not to choose some better Air ;
 Why will you rail at Fortunes Wings,
 She flies and shunes the Seats of Kings :
 Mankind Fortune knows a Whore,
 She's Favourite to Men of Store,
 And sometimes to the Rich and Poor. }

H E R M E S.

Says *Hermes*, Sir you tell a Tale,
 Of Cock and Bull and seldom fail ;
 Avoid such silly empty Objects,
 Change those and find some better Projects ;
 Why will you then so lash at me,
 I find out Sir, your Policy.

L U C I D U S.

What Noise is this that now I hear,
 I hear some Clanger in mine Ear ;
 The Skie is now serene and clear, }

Then

Then raise your Souls my Ladds in Wine,
'Tis good be sure it's from the *Rhine*,

P H O E B U S.

Says *Phœbus*, call in Sir, that Fellow,
That takes a Bottle till he's Mellow ;
And in your Flights discover where,
For Health he lately did repair ;
By *Hercules* I hear the sound,
Of Musick tingling all around ;
I Shiver, Tremble and must Dance,
I think I'm falling in a Trance ;
I'm gone, I see, then farwell all,
Pray celebrate my Funeral.

S A G A X.

Be not surprized he'll soon return,
His Ashes lie in yonder Urn ;
And if you can but Patience have,
You'll find he's risen from the Grave.

L U C I D U S.

See he descends in yonder Ray,
Bright and clear as *Summer's* Day ;
Accelerates with utmost speed ;
Behold him now that once was dead ;
Assuming Life, and Strength and Vigour,
And making a delightful Figure ;
He's one with us, he's in his Throne,
Behold him there he sits alone ;
My Heart it overflows with Love,
See Rays of Light in yonder Grove ;
With them shant'd all of us Unite,
And dwell where Love's both Day and Night.

C A T O.

C A T O.

Comply and take Advice my Friends,
 And bend to what to Virtue tends ;
 Exalt your Thoughts and let them fly,
 Were't possible above the Skie :
 Become sedate and take Advice,
 'Tis better late then never Wise ;
 Avoid all Rattle-headed Fools,
 Fools may never go to Schools ;
 Your Policy is clear to me,
 That's to you, reverse to me ;
 I'm tired of your empty Trash,
 Are you become a Blunderbush ?
 Why will you Fratricide commend,
 They may be, Sir, your Friends at End.

M O M U S.

Says *Momus* Sir, your paint him fine,
Queredo Count come from the *Rhine* ;
 He is a fine Beau, Bean, Beau, Beau,
 And hang me Sir, if you can know ;
 Had you but traced him from the *Rhine*,
 Or uninhabitable Line.
 Or thro' scorch'd *Africk* made your Way,
 Or vice versa to the frigid Zone ;
 Where *nova Zeanbla* cooles your Marrow-Bone,
 There scarcely you cou'd find him out ;
 Not tho' you catched him by the Snout,
 And tho' in *flights* discover where ;
 The *Gallick* Beau had taken Air.

T A R A N T U L A.

Says *Tarantula* heark the sound,
 Of *Musick* tingling all around ;
 I Shiver, Trimble and must Dance,
 Or Death is what must next advance,
 Oh ! I am dropp'd into a Trance.

Annihilated to a Ray,
 A Ray as bright as *Summer Day* ;
 Accelerating round I fly,
 From *East, West, North and South* to Skie.

S A L U S T I U S,

Omnipotence is now so clear,
 Its influence does strong appear ;
 Reigning here and every where,
 Oh ! infamous and wretched Chair ;
 Supream, says holy Pope and clear,
 This is says he, the Path to Heaven ;
 'Tis thro' me, Sir, that Path is even,
 Buy my Indulgence and you'll find ;
 But their Effects, at final End,
 'Tis true and must allow and much do Fear ;
 I do usurp on Heaven's watchful Ear,
 Since then concluded 'tis that Holy Chair,
 Bears Pendants dropping for the Fair ;
 Perpendicularly down do hang,
 For to secure a Pope to mobbish Gang :
 I own my self *Italian Tarantula*,
Italian Insect both in Neck and Gula,
 I must I own, shake of Supremacy,
 And worship God in Christ our Diety.
 — He makes me sick get me a Dram,
 Or Bit of Cheese of *Parmafan*.

C Y N T H I A.

Says *Chloe*, merrily in Jest,
 Does *Parmafan* Sir, suite your Taste ;
 Then since you like it make a Feast,
 They say good Sir, it makes it Weak ;
 Does that suite him just such a Rake,
 Let Pope and DON bake their own Cake :
 Call I pray some other Subject,
 And find out another Project ;

That

That may better suit your Temper,
 Before the coming of the *Winter*.
 The Doctors says the Leaf make weak,
 And Cheese it, shortens as its told;
 Prefer then to 't a Saffron Cake,
 The one is youthful tother old;
 I own I find my self in Love,
 As Innocent as Turtle Dove;
 But the Fancy of my Mind,
 Is somewhat to him now inclined;
 Says he to me we'll range in Love,
 And to our dwelling streight remove;
 Oh! I want to wing around the Skie,
 To view again the Paths to Galaxy;
 And Fields that lead into the *West*,
 But from the *West* unto the *East*;
 I'de undergo severest Travel,
 To see her safe at *Aix-la Chapel*;
 I'de there attempt t' apply some Cures;
 And ease her in what she enduers;
 Oh! help me sweetest Nymph to fly,
 Be not too shy sweet Nymph I'll try;
 The Path that leads to whitest T——gh,
 'Tis you possesse whitest T——h;
 Softest, sweetest to the Skie.
 I'de dwell within thy sweet Abode,
 'Tis streightest, sweetest pleasing Road;
 There we perchance may find a Cage,
 Our Violences to assuage;
 And by those Means procure a Sight,
 Of Cupid in the sweetest Light.
 And after miscellaneous Themes,
 We'll trip away and stride the *Thames*,
 And after that perhaps to *Reimes*.
 And if there we don't like our Quarter,
 We'll change it to the Rule of Barter;
 But you with me admit no change,
 With thee I hope shall ever range,
 And find thy Lodgments sweetest Grange.

The Heart Alarmer of the Soul,
 Is kuit to thee thou sweet Controle ;
 My Heart accumulates in Love,
 Thou art that Love thou Turtle Dove ;
 Thou Pattern to they Sex alive,
 Enchantress, Love for ever thrive ;
 Dwell in her Soul range thro' the Grove,
 Find her out Delightful Love ;
 She walks delightfully alone,
 In yonder Grove just by the *Rhone* ;
 Her Coach and six attend her there,
 The Fair in clear and sweetest Air ;
 I'll fly and meet her coming Home,
 Tho' we had talked of seeing *Rome*.
 I hope to live in Melody and Musick,
 With her in tuneful Violin of Yew-Stick ;
 Violinized and tuned with'ts Fiddle Strings
 In sweetest Modulation ever Rings.

L——t G——l P——CE.

Touch it, it sounds around along the Shoar,
 Of Love near which the brinnish Bellows roar ;
 And cracking Cannons rameing *Spanish* Pride,
 We'll sail adrift by *Claffick* Squadron's Side ;
 And force proud *DON* our *Dunns* for to refund,
 To *British* Heroes, Justice they demand ;
 In manner Pacifick, we'll try the last
 Effort, for Peace and Justice, or we'll blast ;
 Imperious Pride, and Inquisition shake,
 And make our Guns like Orators to spake ;
 The Nations yet are fix'd on R——n's Eyes,
 Will Pelf ill got conduct him to the Skies ;
 No, no, I'm much mistaken if it can,
 I'm sure it can't, whatever 'dulging *Pope* ;
 By strong Indulgences may buy, may meet the *Rope*,
 Of Justice, and soften it with *Soape*.

P O P E.

P O P E.

Infalible, Infallibility,
 In Papal Breast close lodged, oh! wretched Mystery;
 Where is it found, 'tis found in Popish Rome,
 Near Tybur's mallow Fields or Nicolin's Dome;
 Were Pope Nicolimized or Castigated,
 In lieu of his *Nepotes* were *Frustrated*;
 His *Transubstantiation*, *Superarogation*,
 Subverted were t' avoid a just *Damnation*;
 For if the Baker, Pope? can make his Maker,
 The Cake may bake itself and make it's Baker;
 Dear Pope turn *Demon Devils* out of Rome,
 Return, return in Time to joyful home;
 Or much 'tis feared you'll cry *oh! oh! oh! bone*,
 And seek for Shelter near the Banks of *Rhone*;
 Or shall surround the snowy *Alpian Hill*.
 In deep Remorse and muster all your Skill;
 In vain for to regain your Paradise,
 On Earth well lost, be now a Fool or Wise.

S E N E C A.

But my dear Pope, before I say farewell,
 To you incloister'd in your Popish Cell;
 I wish th' unwise may n't find it total Hell,
 Your Holiness such Latitudes do give;
 So strong, so staunch as Water in a Sieve,
 If Scriptures, Sir, were properly but used;
 Their Strength and Vigour wou'd not be abused,
 You force a Sense upon the holy Scriptures;
 Adapting them to answer your Contextures,
 Sinful Monsterous all your Machinations;
 Subverted ought to be, and Inclinations,
 In Papal Breast well crubed, and Indignation;
 Raised in all Mortal's Breast to horrow raise,
 Against your TENETS as 'gainst a Pack of Flea.

F I N I S.

Horace III. Book of Songs.

O D E the 10th.

A D I A L O G U E of Love and Jealously
between C H L O E and L Y D I A.*Dance crum gratus tibi,*

Hor.

Hor. W H I L ' S T I possess' t thy Love free from Alarms,
Nor any Youth more acceptable Arms ;
About thy Alabaster Neck did Eling,
I lived more happy then the * *Persian King*.

Ly. W H I L S T thou adorn' s t no more another Fate,
Nor unto Chlos, Lydia gave Place ;
I *Lydia* (soaring on the wings of Fame,) O
Eclip' s t the *Roman Ilia* with my Name.

Ho. Me, *Thracian Chlos*, now Rules absolute,
Skill' d in sweet Layes and peerless at her Lute ;
For whom to die, I wou' d not be afraid,
If Fates wou' d spare me the surviving Maid.

Ly. Me, *Caly's* (rich *Ornetko's* Heir) doth scorch,
With a reciprocal and equal Torch ;
For whom to die I wou' d endure twice over,
If Fate wou' d spare me my surviving Lover.

Ho. What if old *Venus* shou' d her Doves revoke,
And crub us (stubborn) to her brazen Yoak ;
If bright tre' s t Chlos, I shou' d henceforth hate,
And to excluded *Lydia* ope Gate.

Ly. Though she be fairer then the Morning Star,
Thou lighter then a Cork, and Madd' r far ;
Then the vex' d Ocean when it threatens the Skie,
With thee I' d gladly live I' d (willing) die.

D

A Dettor

* *Persarum Regs vigui beatior.*

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 In Papal Breast close lodged, oh! wretched Mystery;
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 And seek for Shelter near the Banks of *Rbone*;
 Or shall surround the snowy *Alpian Hill*.
 In deep Remorse and mystery all your Skill;
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 On Earth well lost, be now a Fool or Wise.

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 I wish th' unwise may n't find it total Hell,
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 So strong, so stanch as Water in a Sieve,
 If Scriptures, Sir, were properly but used;
 Their Strength and Vigour wou'd not be abused,
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 Adapting them to answer your Contextures,
 Sinful Monstrous all your Machinations;
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 Raised in all Mortal's Breast to horreur raise,
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Ly. Whilst thou adorn'ft no more another Face,
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And to excluded Lydia ope Gate.

Ly. Though she be fairer then the Morning Star,
Thou lighter then a Cork, and Madder far;
Then the vex'd Ocean when it threatens the Skie,
With thee I'de gladly live I'de (willing) die.

D

A Dettor

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LETTER

TO THE

AUTHOR.

By a LADY.

SIR,

ONE has heard of various Effects of
Vapours in People's imagining themselves
 China-Tea-Pots, Coole-Pies, &c. But
 none more extraordinary than that the L—d
 M——y, should think himself trans-
 form'd to Mr. L——n, or fancy his Hand
 and Style is changed as not to discover who
 Attempts to impose upon,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

M. T.

Oct. 24th 1732.

THE

THE

AUTHOR'S
ANSWER.

M A D A M,

WHEN riper Years ushers in upon the Fair, there is a secret Impulse in Nature, that influences or rather inforces them to imagine and suppose:—That a Chymist in certain Cases is necessary to modulate a predominant Inclination below, which not rectify'd and cemented in its own Way ascends into an improper Climate and becomes vapourous and sometimes is over stocked with, various, fruitless Ideas, as China-Tea-Pots, Goose-Pies, &c. and many other imaginary Fancies, and there remain oppressive until rarefy'd and brought down by a Chymical, or rather, as it were a Kind of a masculine Sort of Application, which smoothly receiv'd and taken dispels such vagrant Imaginations, and reduces them to natural Consistency in their own Abode, and to a more Satisfactory and compleat Frutition in both Ends: And when the Predomienance of
the

the Sun in its superiour Conjunction with the Moon display'd in her Glory, by their own super-natural Impulse, as it were after a Chymical kind of Preparation, reduces, warms and invigourates such vapourous Exhalations in the Fair, which, when meeting and chiming together, impregnate, and in Time form Angelick Objects, growing up in the natural Paint and Beauty of their Parents, and are adorned with their innate Virtues and outward Deportment.

And as Virtue, Honour and Honesty, centured in King W I L L I A M the Third of glorious Memory, why may not the like Qualities, be comprized in L—d M——y, and not in a House furnished, like that of Mr. L——n's, for as I take it Mr. L——n, might have been in L—d M——y's House, but L—d M——y, cou'd not dwell in Mr. L——n's, without a Transformation, for the one might have been the other, but the other cou'd not be the one,

I am,

M A D A M,

Your most humble Servant,

Oct. 27th 1732.

J. Thomson.

A

Second LETTER

To the AUTHOR.

By the same LADY.

S I R,

BEING inform'd that you by mistake received a Letter of mine, which you may easily perceive, not to have been intended for you, by the ridiculous Light it must appear in, to the Person it was intended for, I hope you will do me the Favour to restore it, by leaving it at Lucas's Coffee-House, sometime to-morrow directed to Mrs. M——a T——y, and if you will be so good to enclose this with it, it will still augment the Obligations of,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

Oct. 28th 1732,

M. T.

A POEM

A

P O E M

Upon A M A N D A

I.

THOU Engine of Delight and Sport,
 Of every Sweet that may be,
 To thee the Joys of Love resort,
 Delightful M—a T—y.

II.

Thy Hand and Pen paint out the Flame
 That in thy Bosom Centre;
 And in that sweet and purling Stream,
 And Floods of Love I'd Venture.

III.

The Beautifulneſs of the Fair,
 Not hid all in the Faces,
 But more in thee the Debonaire
 Attended with thy Graces.

IV.

Alarm'd, joyful and surpriz'd,
 When gazing on thy Letter,
 A Name well written, but disguis'd,
 Until you know him better.

Where

V.

But were one transform'd a Lord,
And Man of Penetration,
Tho' in Virtues don't a Lord,
Yet may in Generation.

VI.

But that M——— should be transform'd
In one as Mr. L———,
Is making concord disadorned
And Favourite to Faction.

VII.

I want not Inclination
To celebrate thy Praises,
Or paint Imagination
To calculate thy Graces.

VIII.

I look but at thee thro' a Veil,
And guess-work is mine Object,
I wish thee mild and gentle Gales,
To execute thy Project.

IX.

May sweet Delight and Pleasure wait,
Upon the Fair one's Fancy,
And lasting Joys be still the Fate
Of M——— and of Nancy.

Sept. 30th, 1738.

J. Thomson.

Upon

Upon C Æ L I A,

To the Tune of the *Tweed*.

I.

DEAR *Celia* she gildes all the Plain,
 Her Beauty with Joy does alarm,
 A Goddess does bear up her Train,
 Her Actions delightfully charm.
 Her Kisses, so balmy, so sweet,
 She wounds us all into amaze,
 Down prostrate I'll lye at her Feet,
 And at her delightfully Gaze.

II.

Mid't the Trees like a Goddess she walks,
 By the Banks of a murmuring Stream,
 But her Swain. she so frequently baulks,
 That awake as sleeping doth Dream,
 Oh! gather me Clusters of Roses,
 Wherewith I shall strow her around,
 The sweetest of Flowers and Posies,
 The Groves her sweet Notes do resound.

III.

The warbling Birds in the Bush
 Do Mimick her charming Voice,
 The Nightingal, Black-bird and Trush,
 The Groves fill around with their Joys;
 Ye Trumpets of Joy and Alarm,
 Reccho the Notes of her Song,
 I'll clasp her fast into my Arms,
 Amidst the Cælestial Throng.

Sept. 30th, 1738.

J. Thomson.

Upon a Knight and a
rare Admiral near St. Peter's at
Rome, with Refference to the
Alpian Summit.

HAIL mighty Knight transcending Rocks and Seas
The Church's the Rock the Pope may catch
(his Pleas,

Is Cnurch your Rock? St. Peters's was no more
Plunged in the deep, and lost the deadly Shore,
Prophetick notions held when Boats should sail,
Through Rocks, and Woods and Mountains, than
(a Male,

Shou'd than be downright lost in Quick-sand bottom
Which since prevented rowling up the bottom,
I saw the Boats adrift performing way,
From summits Top and watry Paths of Clay,

The Admiral had gained the way,

And left the Knight nothing to say,

The Admiral had won the Wager.!

Tho' hadn't been Sir Charles Wager.

Then hang Prophetick Boats that sail on Land,
Till Floods arise there stand, till word Command,
Then let us all both great and small,
Congratulate and let us have a Ball,
And Dance till Skies are Red in Capitol,
Congratulate with me oh! You rare Admiral
Lay Train to Rigging Tackle Ship and all,
Congratulate with me you three in one,
Three finds the fourth, the rest may stand a lone.

October the 9th, 1738.

J. T.

E

Upon

Upon Don Cockrill and his Immasculinization and loss of his Mistress.

DON! is he gone, is Cockrill here no more?
 Did Transmigration waft him from our Shore,
 Lament Sligeian Banks Finiscanli Groves,
 Don Cockrill's Departure high he roves,
 Invisible, what shall we say?
 He took his Journey thro' the milky Way,
 Tho' commick Fancies lead our Frolicks on
 To laugh, and jest, and talk of Cockrill Don,
 Immasculated, be't of what kind or Strain
 Of Fæminine or Gender Epicæne,
 Amphibious stands until another Reign,
 In Conversation thought an Ambn-party,
 Not that we ought to charge him with Sham-party,
 Unriddled yet remains, we can't commend,
 A Man or Woman of a double End,
 In short he's fled to Hellespoutick Shore,
 For to lament and sigh and cry and roare
 For the great loss of sweetest Missy G—e.
 What shall I do? Says he, or to what shade
 Shall I repair in private Masquerade
 Or to what silent Grove in Ambuscade,
 A Pilgrimage shall make for dearest Maid,
 The dearest, dearest, dearest, dear Comrade.
 I'm gone annihilated to the Night
 Of silence, and now my Nails may bite;
 Farwel then all my joy now here below,
 I take my leave, no more shall make a shew,
 On earthy Globe, now to another Haven,
 I must repair, I hope's the way to Heaven,

October the 9th, 1738,

J. Thomson.

The Ancient
Exercifes and Offices
 Of the old Nobility and Gentry,
 In and about the
City of R O M E.

THERE was a Custom of old among the
Romans, that at one and two o'Clock, the
 great Men went to visit their Princes and Men of
 Power, and pay them Obedience, and at three
 o'Clock they were employed in the Courts of Judi-
 cature, at four and five o'Clock they attended their
 Domestick Affairs, at six fatigued by the Labours of
 the Day they repos'd themselves, at seven they were
 idle with little or no Amusement, at eight they ex-
 exercis'd their Strength in wrestling, at nine they
 supp'd and took a Sack Poffet; which *Martial*, af-
 firms in these Lines following, viz.

Prima Salutantes atque altera continet Hora,
 Exercet raucos tertia Causidicos;
 In quintam varios exercet Roma Labores:
 Sexta quies lassius, septima finis erit.
 Sufficit in nonam nitidis octava Palæstris,
 Imperat Extructos frangere nona thoros.

Martialis.

J U D I C I U M

J U D I C I U M

S U P E R

Fælim Præsbyteri apud Pati bullum.

1.

QUondam Fælis Præsbyteri
Prædam quæſiverat
Et illa die Sabbathi
Murem captaverat.

2.

Præsbyterum offendit,
Facti Profanitas,
Et Cati preſo breviter
Injeſit Catænas.

3.

Tu Animal miſellimum
Et Sabbathi-fragum,
Tu me cum Sanctâ Conjuge
Trudis in Barathrum.

4.

Nunc Sanguine reſcam,
Te certum facio ;
Quia Murem interfecerat
Die Dominico.

5.

Demiffis Paſtor Bibliis
Præcatur ſervidé
Ne atrox Cati facinus
Se perdat miſerè.

6.

Tunc ducens ad Pati bullum
Cato ſærociter
Et alta ſuſpenſo Arbore
Dat Pſalmum Præsbyter.

The J U D G E M E N T

O N T H E

Presbyterian's C A T T.

I.

O N C E a Presbyterian Catt,
Instead of Mouse had caught a Ratt ;
Upon a *Sabbath Day*,
Which Presbyter must slay.

II.

The Cruelty of Fact,
Which sinful Catt did act ;
The Catt being caught,
To chains was snatched.

III

You Pusillanim Animal,
And of the *Sabbath Breaker*
You plunge me and whole Family,
Down headlong into H—ll.

IV.

Now sacrificed your Blood,
Depend on't it shall be ;
Because you killed a Mouse or Ratt,
Upon the *Sabbath-Day*.

V.

The Shepherd Bible quited,
And fervently did pray ;
Least atrocious Crime of Catt,
Shou'd damn 'em all for aye.

VI.

Then leading Catt for killing Ratt.
Unto the Gallows Hill.
And hanging it with utmost skill.
He sung a Psalm in flatt.

Between

Between *Socratee* and *Xaueippe*.

JUNO holds the Britches,
 While *Jupiter* her Stitches;
 She shakes his Pole,
 With her Role.
 She wounds him with her Musick,
 Her Taile Sir with a Yew Stick.
 Of Modulation sweet,
 Does sweetly greet.

Upon *Mason'd Attorney* and his
Foppifications.

M. N. A. W—t, Sir, just huddled together,
 Make just such a Bustle as a Colt in a
 (Tether;
 Like flashes of Powder or Thunder in Battle,
 His, theirs and such folly determines in Prattle;
 Then Pox on 'em all such hot-headed Blockheads,
 We'll blow up their Heads, Sculls and Brains like
 (Skie Rockets;
 But least they shou'd much, Sir, without Contem-
 (plation,
 Shou'd Poison our Fancies and hurt Propagation;
 We'll blast 'em with Squibs and blow 'em all up
 (with Powder
 From Pole unto Pole, or meet with *Een. Crowder*.

Distinctio & Definitio inter Casus & Fortuna.

Fortuna Causa per accidens earum Rerum quæ neque Necessario, ne quæcrebró sed quæ raró eveniunt : Atque in ijs duntaxat quæ alicujus gratiâ consultó suscipiuntur.

Casus est Causa per accidens eorum quæ raro contingunt idque in ijs omnibus quæ alicujus gratiâ suscipiuntur.

Casus enim latus patet Fortunâ : Nam cum utraque sit Causa, per accidens quæ alicujus finis gratia agit, quæque in raró contingentibus versatur.

Fortuna solum posita est in ijs quæ agunt consultó ; Casus etiam in ijs quæ agunt ex Naturæ necessitate : Ut in Infantibus, in Brutis, in Plantis ipsisque etiam in Rebus inanimatis in quibus non est locus Fortunæ : Ex. Gra.

Cum quis fodiens Thessaurum invenit dicimus istud vel Casu vel fortuito factum : Et cum regula decidens e tecto prætereuntem vulnerat id Casu factum est non Fortunâ, omnis ergo Fortuna Casus est sed non vicissim.

And. Blair,

At Sligo, 1701.

A Ramble

A Ramble in *Hide Park*.

AS walking on the Mall the Skie Serene and
 (clear,
 An Angel like fair Lady appeared in pleasant Air,
 Her Beauty then alarming my Soul into amaze,
 I hesitated doubting and pleasingly did gaze.
 All our Expostulations cemented were at End,
 She who was first a Stranger became a loving Friend.
 Her Face and her Beauty were all so bewitching,
 'Twou'd hasten one willing to go streight a stitching
 From Head to her Heel in Lustre appearing,
 'Twixt Breast and her Knee was much more in-
 (dearing,
 Contented then full was in meeting the fair one,
 Youthful pretty, sweet and oh! what dear One,
 On the Morning just after she appeared in her
 (Graces,
 Delightfully neat and blushes in Face was,
 Full joyful had been to meet her in Lodging,
 To Pickett we went without further Dodging.

From the *Athænian Oracle*.

Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind,
 And happy he who can that Treasure find,
 Content alone can all our ills Redress,
 Content that other Name of Happiness.
 Whil'st the base Miser brooding o're his Store,
 Griping for Wealth and grasping still for more,
 Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

L I S T

O F T H E

Subscribers in Metre.

HIS Majesty first we greet in Heroick
 Verses and Themes next first and before him.
 Comes next on d—r D—f—t our Duke in Iambick,
 His D—ls we honour her Grace is before him,
 D—n—shire D—ke comes next on in Meeter,
 And *Kildare's* good Earl I swear, by *St. Peter*,
 And Earl of *Antrim* we chearfully greet Sir.
 And dear L—d—M—j—y we find in the Street fir,
 Our Chancellor Lord his Virtues in Verses,
 Or Prose is sublime which Quality scarce is.

Ye Lords and ye Commons we greet you in Glory,
 The middle Way safe is, we'll down with a *Tory*,
 And fight the Orb round in Defence of our *Church*—

(bill,

And of all our Commanders the greatest was *Ch—*
 (bill,

He made *France* to quake believe it you may Sir,
 Her Fortresses Towns to him they gave Way Sir,
 Proud *Lewis* did quake and his *Maintenon* Mistress,
 She gave him a Cordial derived from her Br—h

(was,

T'was hot as ground Pepper, and Huot-gout to boot

(Sir,

Th' alternately peppered were hot to the Root

(Sir,

F

Why

Why *Lewis* infælix? answers *Maintenon* flitches,
 The *Chavelier*, *Pope* and Indulgence enriches,
 Then *Fox* on you all both ye *Frenchmen* and *Spaniards*,
 Your Legerdemaining is *Fox* like and *Reynards*,
 Great *Haddock's* old Bull Dogs will give them such
 (Drenches,

Surer much more then a Man with young Wenches,
 Your publick Example makes *Pope* and *Rome* flourish
 In Riches and Wealth and softness of *Chloris*
 But *Lewis* is gone tho' the Globe was his Mark-

(man,
 He's gone to his Dust much pity'd by no Man.

We greet you again well ye Lords round *Paul's*

(Steeple,
 And eke all ye Commons and *British* great People,
 And *Haddock* on Board on Seas watery Glasses,
 That starles proud Don with his Oak speaking
 (Classes,

Tho' limited now with unlimited Glory,
 Not padlock'd (I hope) as limited *Tory*,
 Poor *Ormond* had Courage to startle the *Gallicks*,
 And Phylick them well without Arsnick or Garlick,
 But padlock'd finding himself was by B——
 B—— his Grace's Commission no better then *Cullen*
 For Treason it were to outreach his Commission,
 The sacrificed *Dutch* were, oh ! dismal Condition.

SUBSCRIBERS'S NAMES in MEETER.

C O M E all my Friends let's merry be,
 And raise our Soule in Harmony,
 And celebrate the Name of *Meath*,
 Who mercilly may ever breath,
 Says *Athunry* I think your right,
 The Buck is run quite out o' sight,
 Let's switch and spur says *Allen John*,
 And hunt him to *Stillorgan*,

Allen Bobb, he joyns in Chorus,
 And *Arabin* he's just before us,
 And *Aegon Jack* to *Thomas Aston*,
 This is the Sport we lately crack't on,
 And *Isaac Ambrose* looking on,
 The Buck is here bring tother Can,
 And *Anderson* that's called *Francis*,
Adam's Boat is next that launches,
 And *Austin* Lawyer gay and merry,
 And *Armstrong* this is good Sherry,
 And *Thomas Austin* in the Dance,
 To *Thomas Baker* come from *France*,
 And *Capt. Bolton Barrington*,
 We'll crack a Joak in the Afternoon,
 Glorious Game says *Samuel Bridges*,
 Having just landed from *Bruges*,
 And *Johnny Browne* from *Castlebarr*,
 The Wine is good, 'tis very rare,
 And *William Bucksworth, Esq; Carr*.
 To *Walter Burrows* Baronet,
 The Musick's best that's heard from far,
 Play is either Day or Night.
 Says *William Busb* let's all advance,
 And *Burton John* in Country Dance,
 And merry, pleasant, Council *Bindon*,
 What's become of *Mr. Lynden*,
 And *Esq; George* Surnamed *Browne*,
 Whose that Lady come to Town,
 And *Esq; John* Surnamed *Barnwell*,
 Tripping then just unto *Cornwall*,
 To *Michael Barry*, come with me,
 And let us all full merry be,
 Says *Captain Edward Brereton*,
 Unto *Boothe Gore* that worthy Man,
 We'll visit *Colonel Batavean*,
 And cross the *Thames* we'll tightly row,

And

And Council *Broadstreet* reading Brief,
 To Council *Blake* we'll find Relief.
 Says *Brigandine* the jolly Man,
 Come bring a Bottle and a Can,
 And *Fonney Boothe* we'll take a Glass,
 And after Play with pretty Lads,
 And *Robin Burtin* come from *Sligo*,
 And *William Barret* just from *Vigo*,
 To *Brunt* n called *Anthony*,
 From so good Wine we shann't flee,
 Says *Bottesworth* Serjeant Man of weight,
 Let's visit Sir your Country Seat,
 And *Bowes Esq*; that's called *John*,
 A Man fit to depend upon,
 And Col. *Burton* at the Castle,
 In *Mars's* Law can tightly wrestle,
 Turning unto *Joseph Bury*,
 Long since you've seen the *Newry*,
 I met you Sir but tother Day,
 You then were pleasant, mild and gay,
 Says *Henry Brook* raise up your Souls,
 Stir round the Glass and fill your Bowls.
 Says *Richard Burk* to *Daniel Cooke*,
 And *Henry Hart* with modest look,
 You are our Sheriffs, this we know,
 Men of Mirth and Knowledge too,
 Dear *Tommy Corker* here's to you,
 I love you well, you know 'tis true,
 Says *Courtney*, jolly *Countney* merry,
 To *Tommy Cole* I'll drink of Sherry,
 And *Croker John* a Man of Law,
 In whom you'll never find a flaw.
 Come all says *Richards* Council drink,
 And Council *Cooke* at River's brink,
 And *Natty Clements* in the Dance,
 And *Curtis John* let's all advance,

And Monsieur *Martin* call'd *Ducloasi*,
 Well liked in Town and lov'd by *Susy*,
 To *William Crookshankes* much in haste,
 Of this good Liquor make no waste,
 Says *Henry Clements* ever hearty.
 Unto the Reverend Mr. *Carthy*.
 Let us wait on Council *Cotton*,
 A Man full fit for us, to wait on,
 And *Neddy Chalmers* high in Chase,
 Let's ride, *Jos. Cooper's* in that Place,
 He's riding Sir, on yonder Hill,
 And *Cooper Dick's* at the Wind-mill,
Wil. Cooper see, there is a View,
 And *Collins George* let's it pursue,
 Says *Thomas Curtis* Alderman,
 That's a fair Lady has the Fan,
 Come on my Friends says *Drogbeda*,
 You'll have some Sport this very Day,
 Sir *James Dowdale* says to *Doyne*,
 Are you dear *Bobb* just come from *Boyne*,
 Come let us all full merry be
 And joyn in your Fraternity,
Francis Dugan says to *Dawson*,
Arthur Hearty ; where is *Lawson*,
 Says *Garret Delamer* he's here
 And *Dillon James* and *Elack* are there,
 They now but met with *Charles Dillon*,
 Go on I pray your Glasses fill on,
 Says *Draycott John* that loves a Friend,
 Drink *Jemmy Dillon* see the End,
 Says *Nehemiah Donnelan*,
 I love good *Robert Donaldson*,
 Says *Hector Davis* fill your Glass,
 And *Isaac Dobson* toast that Lase,
 Says *Edward Dodwel* here's to you,
 And *Dodwel Junior* we are few,

Stay

Stay says *Jack Dodd* we'll call another,
 Her'e comes to us another Brother,
 How now says *Jemmy Dodd* whose there,
 'Tis *Dillon Ned* I'm glad he's here,
 Says *Eustace Council* unto *Egan*,
 And *Euraglit Francis* fill the Flagan,
 We'll merry be and celebrate,
 And lasting Friendship cultivate,
 Says *Edward Foley* pleasant Man,
 And *Philip Fisher* with his Can.
 Says Colonel *Folliot* named *John*,
 And Major *Folliot* pray row on,
 The Buck is got into the Island,
 Pursue it there is Mr. *Ryland*,
 Says *Tom. Fitzgerald Esq;* ride,
 And *Jemmy Elack* by Water Side,
 And Mr. Commissary *Fletcher*,
 And *Ross Fox* pray let us catch her,
 Good Morrow Sir says good *Ross Fox*,
 And *Ferry Fury* stanch as Rocks,
 Says Council *Forbes* Man of weight,
 And *Fonney Finlay* in his Seat,
 To *Jemmy Farrel* Lawyer there,
 And *Gardiner Esq;* taking Air,
 Says *Oliver* Sirnamed *Grace*,
 To *Gibbon Rice* Sir take your Place,
 And *Fonney Gay* so very gay,
 To *Murtaugh Goegbegan* did say,
 And *Bryan Goegbegan* another,
 Loving both to one another,
 And *Goegbegan* whose Name is *David*,
 Walking calmly by the Sea Side,
 To *Thomas Gunne* pray let's goe,
 And see who on the Thames does row,
 Excuse me Sirs says *Thomas Gunne*,
 I'll meet you in the Afternoon.

Says

Says *Harry Hart* to *Michael Head*,
 The Lawyer loves a Maiden Head.
 And *Sheffield Grace* the Surgeon good,
 Very skill'd in letting Blood,
 And *Esq; Charles* call'd *Hampson*,
 And *Thomas Harris* where is *Sampson*,
 Tho' we're now so very Grave,
 Some merry Days we hope to have,
 Says *Howison* that's called *James*,
 We'll merry be upon the *Thames*,
 And *Huddleston* pray come along,
 And *Roulston Humphervis* that's nothing,
 And *Niobolas Hawker* the merry Lad,
 The Wine is good it makes us glad,
 Says *Jocelyn* I pray you stay,
 The Law is clear that is your Plea,
 And *Gabriel Johnston* you are easy,
 It was reported you were lazy,
 Says *Lewis Jones* pray take your Book,
 And *Johnston Andrew* on it look,
 Says *Colonel Erwin* take your Glass,
 And *Harry Erwin* here's the Lass,
 And *Femmey Erwin* stop a while,
 And *Erwin Jones* pray ride a Mile,
 Says *Junior Jones* that's call'd *Lewis*,
 To *Senior Jones* there but few is,
 To drink with us but *Lostus Jones*,
 Of Bottle he makes little Bones,
 Says *Tommy Jones* to *Robin King*,
 And *Billy Knox* we'll make a Ring,
 And *Jonney King* just come from *Santry*,
 And little farther in the Country,
 Says *Harry King* from *Sligo Town*,
 To *Charles King* just going down,
 To wait on jolly *Mr. Knox*,
 That Friendship has for *Philip Cox*,

And

And *Knox* that's call'd *Esq* ; *John*,
 To *Junior Knox* where are they gone,
 Oh ! Dearest *Newcomen L'strange*,
 To mirth and goodness never strange,
 And good *L'strange* that's call'd *Henry*,
 Where is now *Sir Mr. Enery*,
 Dear *Samuel Low* thou Man of Love,
 Thy Principles are from above,
 And *Longfield Robert* at the Barr,
 To *Longfield William* come from far,
 And Captain *Lyons* let's agree,
 And joyn with you and *Michael Lee*,
 Says *Lowther George* to *Owen Lord*,
 Have you seen *Sir William Boyd*,
 And Council *Leeson* at the Tholsel,
 Looking there for *William Monsell*,
 And *William Ludlow* Man of Wildom,
 In which he surly fixes his doom,
 And *David Junior* call'd *Latouch*,
 To few or none that's e're *farouche*,
 Dear *Francis Lodge* where have you been,
 Are you just come from *Stephen's Green*,
 Says *Ligonier*, *Sirs* we'll wait,
 To see of *Poland* what's the Fate,
 Says *Henry Lecky* soon you'll hear,
 Their chief Alarms and their Fear.
 You *Earl Meath* we wish you well,
 As all our Countrymen can tell,
Sir Richard Meade we you Address,
 And wish you lasting Happiness,
 And Council *Marshal* as a Friend,
 We wish you joy unto the End,
Fitzmaurice says to *Merrifield*,
 To justice we shall ever yield,
 Says *Ned Malone* pray do not doubt,
 And *Marsh Warburton* in the Rout.

To Mawice Nick, we'll take a Bottle,
 If that won't do, we'll make it double ;
 Arthur Morgan, here's to you,
 And to your best Companions too :
 Says Mountjoy Lord, (that Man of Honour)
 I do not like the Name of Connor ;
 Mc Manus James says, This's good Wine,
 And Femmy Mills, you see 'tis fine ;
 Says Mostyn Tom. from Drumahaire,
 And Mostyn George, let's have a care,
 The Fox is Dead—, There starts a Hare !
 Says Molloy Doctor, come from Leyden,
 Unto his Father Charles, Ryde on,
 And Mortimor, that's called Harry,
 To Esq; Morgan, Wine I'll carry,
 And drink with you, and Mr. Monsel,
 As soon as They are come from Council :
 Says Lewis Mears to Jack Macarrell,
 Have you not seen Sir Counsel Farrel ?
 Says Medlicott, both James and Edward,
 And Anthony, and Richard Edwards,
 And Topham Michael, from the Rhone,
 Says Femmy Mills, Don't Ryde alone ; !
 William Marshall says to Naughton,
 This is the Net that Fox was caught in,
 And Nesbett from Coloony Barrack,
 To Counsel Nash, come up from Carrick,
 And Nuttal Richard looking on,
 Tells Sawny Nesbett—, Fox is gone.
 Neugent Thomas, Esq; says
 To Captain Nugent (crossing Seas)
 We wish you all full length of Days,
 We wish, dear William Nash, to you
 That Happiness you may pursue ;
 And you my good Lord Nettervell,
 That you and yours be jolly still.

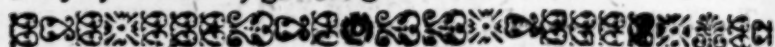
That *William Noy* and *David Nixon*
 May be the only two you fix on;
 That all of you, and *Edward Noy*,
 Each second Year may have a Boy,
 That *Otway*, *Crosby*, and many more,
 May joyfully survive *Fourscore* :
 Says all— Pray call in good *Ben. Parry*;
 You know, says *Major Palmes*, I'll Marry;
 Says *Baronet*, *Sir Seymour Pyle*,
 To *Doctor Pierce*, Pray Ryde a Mile,
 And *Thomas Doctor*, *Pierce's Brother*,
 Of *Gallen*, and of *Reynagh*, *Rektor*.
 Says *Parker George*, the *Reverend*,
 I love you, Sir, you are a Friend.
Toby Peyton at *Oxen Hill*,
 Not distant far from *Coor's Wind-Mill*;
 To *Pucklington*, come to the *Affize*,
 Says *Matthew Carrick*, Sun it Rises.
 Now *Heitor Pain*, you I Address
 And *Charles Phipps* can do no less;
 And wish to *Charles Powell*, Joy,
 And *Parkinson*, and *Pardon* too,
 May meet and Drink with good *Lord Ross*,
 On Waters brim, on brink of Moss.
 Says *Jack Roch* unto *Michael Reeves*,
 And *Robinett*— Those Rogues are Thieves;
 Says *Counsel Roch*— We'll Hang 'em all,
 And *Riverston*—, Both great and small.
 Says *Russel John* and *Robert Roberts*,
 Put all your Swords into your Scabbards.
 Says *Edward Ryan*—, All is Peace,
 And *Richard Sadler*—, Take your Place.
 My good *Lord Santry's* welcome Home,
 Who never lik'd to live at * *Rhone*.
 Says *Sanderfon* to *Captain Sanford*,
 And *Johnney Shean*—, Let's Hunt to *Longford*.

* *The late Lord Santrey.*

Says Harry Smyth and Major Stuart,
 And David Sheile—, Let them all Sue for't.
 Says Major Smyth and Cornet Peter,
 And Gelbert Smyth—, Does this make Metre?
 And Jemmy Smyth (a loving Friend)
 To Singleton—, I'll you Attend.
 Says William Tighe to Tenison,
 Call in, Sir, Mr. Jamison,
 And also call in Mr. Taaffe,
 And Tommy Tighe, and Mr. Ralph,
 And Captain Tomson, come from Kent
 To Tenison Tom, good News had sent.
 Says William Todd to Larry Tools,
 And Tisdale William at Rathcool;
 Come let us Visit Tommy Trotter,
 And Thomson Will. and Mr. Cotter;
 Then we shall all join in a Chorus,
 And carry all the Sport before us.
 Says Vincent Dick unto Will. Usher,
 Thomas Vice—, Let us not Flatter.
 Says Lawrence Vernon—, Have a care,
 Your Parts in Front, 'twas then in Rear.
 Says Wetherby to Will. Wall,
 From Court you lately had a Call.
 Says Commissary Wall—, Let's Sing,
 And Colonel Waller—, Let it Ring;
 Jemmy Wallace, there's before us,
 And Wakewell Thomas in the Chorus.
 Says, VVarren VVilliam unto VVakefield,
 VVhat's become of Captain Whitfield?
 VVall Maurice Counsel says to Warren,
 Westenrau says—, Pray where is Farran?
 And Counsel Whitney Man of Sense,
 Ready still in Eloquence;
 And Billy Watts, just in the Chaise,
 To Nicholas VVard, Says, Take your Place,

Merrily

Merrily, says William Warring
 To Jonney Williams—, Where is Guorin :
 Says good and loving Morgan White,
 I wish you heartily good Night.



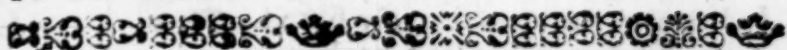
To M A C E N A S, S I C K.

O D E the 17th, Horace.

W H Y do'st thou talk of dying so ?
 Neither the Gods nor I'm content,
 (Macenas you (that go first shou'd)
 My Pillar and great Ornament ;
 Thee, the one half of my Soul,
 A riper Fate snatch hence ; Alas !
 Why shou'd I stay for neither whole ;
 That Day shall end us both : Come come
 And but the Dregs of what I was ?
 I've sworn't ; and will not break it neither ;
 And when thou wilt to thy long Home,
 That Journey we will make together.
 Chimera's Flames nor (were he to rise
 Again) Briareu's hundred Hands,
 Shou'd keep me back. 'Tis justice, this,
 And in the Book of Fate it stands,
 Were I, or under Libra born,
 Or Scorpio my Ascendant be,
 With grim Aspect of Capricorn,
 (The Tyrant of the Latrin Sea)
 Our Stars do wond'rously consent,
 Benigner Jove repriv'd thy Breath;
 Then Saturn was Malevolent,
 And clip't the hasty Wings of Death,
 In frequent Theatre when Thee,
 Thrice the rejoyced People clap'd,
 Falling Trunck had brained me
 Between, if Faunus had not step'd,
 The Guardain of mercurial Men,
 Pay thou an ample Sacrifice,

And

And build the Chapel thou would'st then,
For me an humble Lambkin dies.



A Satiri-Tragi and Querimonious Poem upon O—
W—, and J— C—, Esquires, upon their false Im-
prisoning, Mr. *John Thomson* for half a Year without
Examinations, first taken within the Walls of the Goal
of *Sligoe*, on the 29th of *Oct.* 1737, and confin'd in ut-
most misery and in Danger, until he escap'd thence a-
bout the 14th of *April* last through the Iron Barrs of
the Garret window of said Goal, at break of Day,
by the help of his Bed-Cord, and came up straight to
Dublin, and there set forth his Miseries and Grievances
before his Excellency the Lord High Chancellor of *Ire-*
land,

A P O E M.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable *Michael Ward*,
Esq; the then *Lord-Justice of Assize* for the Town of
Sligoe, upon the 14th Day of *March* last, 1737-8.

THREE welcome here to us our Noble Lord,
'Tis you we mean—. 'tis Mr. Justice *Ward*,
Unchain this *Common-Wealth*, and set us Free,
To re-enjoy our pristine Liberty.
Our Laws and Statues here are Ropes of Sand,
Redress them Sir in this distressed Land,
Say but the Word, 'twill answer your Command;
Let Will-despottick Rule their native Land,
Sic Jussi & Jubebam, there was Law,
Sic Volo & sic Jubeo, bore no Flaw,
In Jail with great Disorders then distress'd,
Want and *Danger* reign'd within our Breast,
And Day or Night obtain'd but little rest.
Thro' Iron-barr'd high Garrets we bawl aloud,
Our Crys were high unto a heedless Croud,
Our Bellows roar'd and seem to rend a Cloud.

When

When Law-*Mosaick*, was not Right for Wrong,
 'Twas then the Justice did in crowded Throng,
 And *Sallick* Law then taking Law for Law,
 Indictment then had scarcely found a Flaw,
 A broken Jaw went for a broken Jaw;
 But such severer Laws in Time revers'd,
 By the Auspicious coming of our Christ,
 Hands down to them, in such *Posterior* Age,
 Laws— Promulgations such for to assuage.
 Let *Sallick*, *Galiick*, *Attick* Laws combine,
 Snip Ear for Ear, I'll keep my Ears—they're mine,
 Let timely Time their *Cruelties* Refine.
 By Letters intercepted we're undone,
 Undone alas! undone by Men unknown,
 And when in drowsy Hours of silent Night,
 We strove to quiet be, and take our Rest,
 'Twas then in Bed, and in our loanfom Room,
 With Birchen Sticks, and hard hard kotted Broom,
 And pointed shaving Daggers menaced our Doom,
 'Twas the Great God alone that did us keep,
 The surest Shepherd; he to guard his Sheep,
 He's God alone, and strongest in the Deep.
 By him we live, by him we live alone,
 He reigns thro' Universe he dwells in Throne,
 Oh! greatest God! oh! Thou Triune in One.
 Oh! welcome here unto us noble Lord,
 'Tis you we now do mean, dear Justice Ward
 In Surety sure, and Safety to safeguard.
 Dear Justice watch, Time-watches are your Guard,
 Watch, *Wards*, your Watch, to it you do accord,
 Thou art our dearest, dearest, dearest Lord.
 Thou look'st in Line direct, and guid'st the Line,
 In Line met Indirect, in C — e,
 In her the dearest dearest of the Nine.
 Within her Breast does Virtue ever shine.
 Oh! welcome here, dear Lord, now here before us,
 Oh! may thy Rest be everlasting Chorus,

March, 14th 1737.

J. T.
Upon

Upon a Cook's Shop at the K--g's A--ms
in C----le-L---e, October 23d, 1738.

The Porters Eating-House.

S T R O N G in Law Ecclesiastick,
He tickles King in an Acrostick,
Which *Bishop's Court* may well Prognostick:
A bitter, biting, dirty Tongue,
'Tis sound as dirty Puddle Song;
There is no Way besides the Church.
Or cramp him with a wooden Crutch,
But leave him such, *where is no such*.
Then Pox upon you dirty Beast,
Can't wait a sober Man and Chast.
To cure a brutish Female Taste,
I doubt you are so far in Years,
Your Grains of Wheat are less than Tares,
Therefore grow wise in after Years.

The Common Capias of the King's Bench
brought into Rhime.

G E O R G E the 11d. Great Britain's, Ireland's King,
We greet you much in Præcincts of our Ring;
And you as Sheriffs of our Dublin Town,
Command that you Arrest old Richard Browne,
And him Arrested, you to safe convey
Unto our Court of King's Bench, there to stay,
Ad Respondendum to the Lord Santry here,
Where you may drink of bottled good strong Beer;
Witness my self this twenty-ninth of May.
The eleventh of our Reign, an Holiday;
When June approaches, you may make your Hay,
Or after that, Sir, you may go or stay.

Upon

Upon LE PAUVRE, *Απομα* A POEM.

Descendant of a Noble Straine,
Thee, I do Sing in lasting Verse,
Tho' I thy Mouth to crub did train;
I'd praise thee in *Heroick* Verse—
Were BUCEPHAL but yet alive,
Or *Pegasus* with winged Legs,
Cou'd QUIXOTE's *Rosinante* rove;
They One, Two, Three, to thee were Dreggs.

My Great *Απομα* thee I praise,
Thy Name wou'd Sing unto the Skie,
In softest Melody wou'd raise;
Thy Praise with quickest speed wou'd fly.

The God that *Heaven* and *Earth* did Frame.
Preserved me, when the Brinnish Sea,
Had Overwhelmed us both, no Dream!
Thrice raised from Quick Sandy Clay.

When catching hold fast by thy *Maine*,
When losing first my Saddle Seat,
'Twas then from bottom of the *Main*;
Thy Nervous Muscles did retreat.

My Gett-black Snuff Box, cou'd it speak
For me full Evidence, and thee,
All crackled found upon a Break;
Near Bridge that Triumph'd o'er that Sea.

I thank my God, that I surviv'd,
Such floating dangers there had been;
Such Diving and such dippings, were
By Numbers of Spectators seen.

The Pope himself Infalible,
Had he but been attended there,
He cou'd do less than *Pauvre*-able;
Triumphing Horse into the Air.

Thee my *Απομα* I shall keep,
So long as thou will Live with me,
I'll Love thee waking, and asleep;
Thou floating Bridge that crossed the Sea.

27th of October, 1738.

J. T.

Conclusion of the Poem on Le Pauvre Apôtre,

THOU Periodic of my Days,
Halt thou approach'd so near to me!
Remember not, O Lord! my Ways
In going to Eternity.
The rising Surges, foaming round,
And moving Motion of my Steed,
Unequal, sunk us in the Sound;
He squeek'd—, I hop'd in time of Need.
I ever then shall praise his Name,
Shall praise his Name unto the Sky,
The Tri-une ONE I shall proclaim,
And Glory to Eternity.

November 17th, 1738.

J. T.

WE greet you full well, our Lords all and Commons,
And Gentlemen Traders, and all to Roscommon,
And all worthy Members that round the round Globe stir,
And every each Person that's of the long Robe, Sir;
The time is so short, Sir, in ending this Frolick,
Th' impatience of many may bring on the Cholick;
And making Attonement for Rhime in Subscription,
Do hope my good Friends will pardon th' Omission,
For some are so hasty'n Dissecting, to see, Sir,
The Pope well dissided, and his Myre in Meetre,
That many, in vain, do swear by St. Peter:
Then I take off my Hatt, and make such Submission,
That hope my Submission may bear a Commission.

Who am, with great Truth and Sincerity,

My Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, and Others,

Your most Faithful humble Servant.

John Thomson.

